

POEMS,

Composed by
Corpl. Jocko Vinson,
7th Batt. Canadians.
1st British Columbia.

26/8/15.

1867

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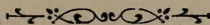
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BB121262

To Defend the Flag.



The cry has come to arms once more, to defend the dear
old Flag,

And Britain's troops respond again to save the good
old Rag ;

She has her good Canadian troops from that far off distant
land,

Where the Maple Leaf in autumn, why it looks really so
grand.

They proved themselves a credit in the Boer War that
she had,

And now her sons will make a stand just like their dear
old dad ;

There are many brave old veterans who have answered
once more,

And left their wives and children on Canada's sunny shores.

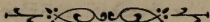
And with the young Australians, who are game right to
the core,

We'll make the Germans sorry, they will never look for
more,

We'll show them what true Britons are, and just what they
can do,

So here's good luck to all of us for the old Red, White,
and Blue.

Our Ocean Trip.



We have left our home behind us, our friends and sweethearts too,

And a mother kind and gentle, and glad to hear of you ;
Some have left their little ones, and a wife the best of all,
For the cry to Arms has roused us to answer duty's call.

So we marched about our troopship, the Virginian was her name,

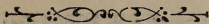
And with thirty-seven others which were all about the same ;

So we left Quebec behind us, and we steamed upon our way,
And at last we dropped anchor in a place called Gaspie Bay.

This harbour was a dandy, and as snug a little spot,
And the sights that happened in it will never be forgot,
And one evening as the sun it was getting very low,
The troopships started steaming out of the harbour slow.

And as they journeyed out to sea it was a splendid sight,
But as the darkness it set in, we retired for the night ;
I wish you men a safe return, and no matter where you be,
But may God's blessing protect you be it on land or sea,

Salisbury Plain Mud.

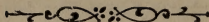


Way out on Salisbury Plains, the Canadian troops were
camped,
And many days and many nights they did a weary tramp,
Conditions by no means the best upon those plains,
But plodding through an endless sea of mud and also-rain.

There was West, down South, and Bustard Camp, where
the mud was to our knees,
And when we moved to Lark Hill, the men were more
than pleased ;
It was here they had constructed huts, and sure it was
a treat,
We had a cheery fire at night, and a place to dry our feet.

They may talk about old Canada, the land of rain and snow,
But there's none can beat Salisbury Plains, you'd have a
long way to go,
Now marching out upon the plains, why the winds would
make you shiver,
For we had also floods to contend with, from the little
Avon river.

Life in the Trenches



Soldiering is a splendid game, it is so help me bob,
Non-Coms. running here and there just to find a man a job ;
But of course we have to stick it for there's no use us
denying,
For we all came from dear Canada to keep the old Flag
flying.

Now the life in France has proved no snap, but you're
there to do your bit,
With many long and dreary hours in the cold wet trench
you'll sit,
And when you've filled some sand bags they will say
your work is done,
So at last you'll find it getting warm, and you'll bask out
in the sun.

And then you'll go to have your louse beside your bivouac,
A grey-back here, and a grey-back there, you'll hear the
beggars crack ;
Then you'll feel quite hungry, and your breakfast you
will eat,
Composed of bully beef and biscuits, and at times it is
a treat.

Sometimes the cook may flatter you and make you a trench
pie,
And when you've finished eating it you'd feel as though
you'd die ;
In the trenches we are troubled, on the roads its just
the same,
And they'll drop a star shell over just to show they're in the
game.

It's then you'll see a scatter, and you'll see their heads bob
down,
And just for half a minute they'll flop right on the ground ;
In the winter time its pretty rough with the rain, the snow,
and sleet,
And its out of question for us to say that we ever have
dry feet.

So I've mentioned all my items, and I think you will agree,
So I wish good luck to all of you no matter where you be,
And when this War is over, oh ! the stories we will tell
About the times in Flanders where the Jack Johnsons gave
us hell.

The Canadians' Stand at Ypres.

England as the mother, and Canada as the son,
And proud of the deeds they have fought and won.
Yes, it was Ypres, where the battle raged high,
And we left on the field many heroes to die.

It was not by their shells, but by gas we all know,
That choked and blinded us wherever we go,
But they hung to the trench till they dropped down with
 pain,
And the shells burst around them, yes time and again.

But move not them, they were game to the core,
They stood in defiance, and ready for more ;
We are proud, we can say, we fought side by side
With our brave Highland laddies, to try stem the tide.

But they poured down upon us, now words cannot tell,
For around old St. Jean it was simply like hell ;
Now Ypres in the distance was shelled night and day,
And the fire from the buildings showed the dead as they
 lay.

A hard struggle at hand, and every man they could find,
When the cry of a genera. soon passed through the lines,
"For God's sake hang on, men, it's the key to the West !"
And the boys from dear Canada they sure did their best.

Although it proved costly the situation was saved,
And those that have fallen are ranked with the brave ;
They have now left a name that will stand good and true,
For they died whilst defending the Red, White, and Blue.